SAVANNAH COURIER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second Class Matter.

VOL. X.—NO. 2. SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1894. One Dollar Per Year.

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

Jes' a-wearyin' for you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless, don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there,
Jes' can't stand the sight of it!
Go out doors an' roam a bit;
But the woods is lonesome, too—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Comes the wind with soft caress,
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly, like your footstep sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Mornin' comes; the birds awake;
Use to sing so for your sake!
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats;
Seem to feel your absence, too—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Evenin' comes; I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;
Seems jes' like you orter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'; thrills me through—
Sets me wearyin' for you!

Jes' a-wearyin' for you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless, don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A NERVY CAPTURE.

How Billy Barsford Arrested Three-Fingered Jack.

The Deputy Sheriff Went Alone Into the Teton Basin and Brought Out the Horsethief and Two of His Pals.

"I say," said Col. George Barry at the Lotos club one night, says the New York Sun, "I see they've got Three-Fingered Jack at last. Killed him down on the Strip. He went into a little town down there with a lot of other bad men, and got filled full of fine, little holes.

"Well, sir, there was a horsethief for you. He lived simply to steal horses. It wasn't a business with him, it was a passion, and he was a most exalted, supreme high ruler, grand past master of the art. There isn't a town in the northwest where his record is not known, and not a ranchman in Wyoming and Montana who won't be glad to know that Three-Fingered Jack has passed in his checks. It's curious, too, I've heard men who knew him say that Jack was as soft as a woman about some things, and as hard as a woman about others. Barring horse stealing he was honest as the day, and there wasn't a man wearing a six-shooter who'd go further or risk more to help a 'pard' out of difficulty. I've heard it said that some men don't know what it is to be afraid. Harry Dacello used to say Three-Fingered Jack couldn't comprehend fear when he saw it in others. I rather guess, though, that fear is a question of stomach, much as sea sickness is. Jack never would have been sea sick. I'll bet that sinking sensation of cold never struck the pit of his stomach. I've often thought that one reason sailor men are as a rule so brave is simply that their stomachs are well behaved.

"But what I started out to tell was about the only time I ever heard of Three-Fingered Jack's being arrested. He had God knows how many fights with the officers, lost two fingers and got his distinctive title in one of 'em, I think. But somehow he always managed to come out first best. Barring perhaps Scott Hyde, there wasn't a quicker man with a gun in all Wyoming or Montana, and when he shot he usually shot straight.

"Well, sir, I knew a man at Cheyenne, when I was stationed at Fort D. A. Russell, whose business was catching thieves. It was a passion with him, just as stealing horses was with Three-Fingered Jack, only, if such a thing was possible, it was a —— sight bigger passion. His name was Barsford, Billy Barsford, and he was deputy sheriff of Laramie county. He was a fine, big fellow, unusually quiet, and the quickest man to move I ever saw. If there was anything Billy Barsford was afraid of he never 'met up' with it, as they say out there.

"One day Billy Barsford made up his mind he'd get Three-Fingered Jack. There'd been a big bunch of ponies run off from some ranches in the Sweetwater country, and the job was laid to Three-Fingered Jack. Jack had a regularly organized band, with headquarters over in what was then called the Teton basin, but I see they call it Jackson's hole now. It is just below where Robert Ray Hamilton's dead body was found in the creek. Jack's band was made up of some of the toughest men in Wyoming, good shots, fine riders and hard citizens, as good at a fight as at a drink, and always ready for either. The Teton basin wasn't so well-known in those days as it is now. It wasn't so almighty safe for strangers to be dropping around there promiscuously. In fact, it was so little known that it was commonly described as being 'just over beyond the big Teton.'

"Well, when Billy Barsford made up his mind to get Three-Fingered Jack he didn't say a word about it to anybody, but just took his horse and lit out for Eagle rock. He had to go way round the Tetons and the basin to get there, but he wanted to make sure of the lay of the country before he tackled the gang. There were heavy rewards out for Jack and Billy didn't regard them with disfavor, although he used to tell me that the main thing that started him was the desire to have the glory of catching Three-Fingered Jack all alone. Queer ideas of glory some men have.

"Billy got over to Eagle rock all right—they call it Idaho falls now, I believe, and after fooling around there awhile and finding out what he could about the Tetons, he went out to the Shoshone reservation and got an old chief there to make him a map of the Teton country. The old fellow drew it on a shingle. It was an almighty rough map, as you can mighty well imagine, but it showed the lay of the country fairly well, and Billy got a pretty good notion of where he was trying to go.

"By gad, sir, there wasn't any gristle in the end of Billy Barsford's breastbone. He's no spring chicken. What did he do but hang around that Shoshone camp four or five days longer, and then make out to the old chief that he'd burned up by mistake the shingle on which the map was made and got the old buck to make him another. That night Billy compared the two shingles. The maps agreed in essential details, and Billy concluded the old Indian was playing fair with him. So he started out. He went up over the Tetons and down into the basin, as fine a picture of a little valley as a man wants to see lying out of doors, with a little creek running through the middle of it and fine pasture grass growing.

"As Billy went into the valley he made out a little cabin down next to the creek, several miles from the foothills. It was morning, and he had lots of time. He got down to the creek, got off his horse and made as if he were prospecting along the little stream. As he came along toward the cabin he saw Three-Fingered Jack and three other fellows sitting on a bench beside the wall. Their Winchesters were all standing against the end wall around the corner from them. They were all watching Billy, but didn't seem to recognize him. Or if they did they thought they had a cinch, and kept on smoking and chinning, without ever a motion to get out their guns. They probably figured that when Billy got right opposite them they'd speak to him, and while some of them talked one would hold him up. Possibly they meant to do him. But he fooled them.

"He kept prospecting along the little creek until he got fair even with them, keeping his horse between him and the men beside the cabin, with his bridle rein thrown over his arm. Just as he came even with them he whipped out his two six-shooters like lightning, jumped in front of his pony, and drew on the four horsethieves not thirty yards away.

"'Put up your hands,' he said.

"By gad, sir, they were paralyzed. But they recovered —— quick. The two fellows on the end jumped for their Winchesters. Billy got the first with his right and winged the other with his left. His horse jumped a bit, he said when he told me about it, and bothered his arm. The other two saw they were trapped and put up their hands. One of them was Three-Fingered Jack.

"'How are you, Jack?' says Billy. 'Glad to find you at home. I've come a —— long way to see you. Now won't you kindly turn round and stand with your face to that wall there, while I assist your friend a bit to relieve himself of any extra shootin' or cuttin' irons he may have in his pockets?'

"Jack turned around without a word. It's curious what a powerful influence there is in the drop of a six-shooter; and the beauty of doing it with a gun and not a Winchester is that you can cover two men at once with the gun. Now there was that gang of train robbers down at Rawlins. But that is another story. Jack stood up against the wall fine.

"'Thanks,' says Billy, dropping the bridle rein from his left arm, and taking some fine, stout cord out of one of his hoisters with his left had, all the time keeping both men covered with his right.

"'Just keep your hands well up above your head, please,' he said to the other fellow; 'and you, Jack, just please put your hands out behind your back. Don't try any grab game, now, for I'm watching, you know, and this gun might go off.'

"Jack stuck out his hands as he was ordered, quiet as a lamb. Then Billy walked up to the other fellow and held out the cord. There was a noose in one end already prepared.

"'Now,' said he, 'just have the kindness to put that noose over Jack's hands and tie it up tight. Please be careful. I'd be sorry to have to do any more shooting than I've done.'

"Well, sir, the fellow did it. And then Billy got another noose and tied the other fellow himself. Then he stood 'em both up against the wall and went through them and took every blooming thing they had in the way of metal away from them. Then he tied their feet and set 'em down on the ends of the bench and tied 'em fast to that. Then he went through the fellow he had winged. He was bad hit through the shoulder, and was unconscious from loss of blood. Billy bandaged him up and managed to bring him 'round after a bit, feeling pretty chipper all things considered. Billy buried the dead man and then got up some of Jack's stolen horses. He lashed the wounded man into one saddle, and then took the rope off Jack's legs, got him astraddle a pony and lashed his feet together under the pony's belly. Then he served the other chap the same way. He threw all their guns into the creek and then untied their hands, but tied their elbows together across their backs. That left their hands free to guide their ponies. Then he jumped on his own pony and made those fellows go ahead, one of 'em leading the pony the wounded man was riding. It took Billy thirty hours to get them out over the range, and he never took eyes off of 'em until it was done. But he did it and got the rewards. And ten days after he got 'em in Laramie a lot of their gang held up the town and took 'em out. Yes, sir, they did."

What She Was Thinking About.

The young woman had married and there was a great array of wedding presents. She didn't seem to care about them, however.

"My dear," expostulated her mother, who had made the match, "just see these lovely presents; aren't you interested in them?"

"Not much," replied the bride, "it's the future I'm thinking about."

—Oregon's salmon fisheries produce about 600,000 cases a year, and its wool clip exceeds 16,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of pine forests, and the annual gold yield exceeds $1,000,000.

SUCH WONDROUS HATS.

Creations of the Milliners This Fall Are Startling in Materials and Colors.

The new hats are marching into town. Some in velvets and some in two-toned felts, and all looking more chic and jaunty than ever before. Jetted quills and Prince of Wales plumes vie with one another in their decoration, while graceful loops of mirror velvet lend their delicate changing tints to soften the effect. Wings are also in favor, not only on round hats but bonnets as well.

One of the new hats for every-day wear is medium size, cut in front of the brim with the points slightly rolled back. The trimming is arranged between the points, so that it rests upon the forehead. This hat makes a short, wavy bang a necessity.

A novelty this season is a hat which may be bent into shape while you wait. Think of the joy such a creation affords to the woman who was born with a vacillating mind! It may be bent and unbent until it has assumed as many as ten different shapes, all at one sitting.

This hat bears a striking resemblance to the common or kitchen variety of pancake. It is trimmed with satin rosettes and jetted quills and is frequently made of contrasting shades of felt.

The black and white hat is apparently here to stay. A new shape is a little white felt hat with the brim turned up all the way around. This brim is covered with a fine tracery in jet. At the side is a much-curled black feather pompon, in the center of which stands a jetted aigrette.

Another one of the latest black and white creations is a new shaped toque of black velvet, encased, as it were, in white velvet, which is embroidered in jet. The white velvet is arranged with a full effect toward the front, and as a background to it there are two snowy white wings. To make the contrast more striking their outline is wrought with jets.

Many of the large hats have the brim faced with shirred silk, which is a most becoming fancy.

As to the crowns of this season's hats, they are fearfully and wonderfully made. They bear not the slightest resemblance to the brim to which they are attached. They utterly disregard its color and trimming.

Sometimes they are of satin, flat and shining, and again they swell into a veritable velvet Tam o'Shanter. Again they are of mirror velvet, much dented and framed in jet or tiny rosettes.

If you would live up to Dame Fashion's rules and regulations you must buy a little fancy muff with your best bonnet. A novelty in the way of a little bonnet, which is bought at an unmentionable price, with a muff to match, is of black velvet.

This sounds demure enough, but this is only the beginning. The entire front of the bonnet is a glistening gold butterfly with outspread wings. It is made of passementerie, filled in with woven gold threads. Crawling over the body of the butterfly is a little black astrakhan animal with its tail waving high in the air. The tie strings are of narrow black velvet.

The muff is a bunched-up little affair of black velvet with the same kind of a golden butterfly covering it entirely in front, and a black astrakhan animal crawls over the butterfly, which is enough like the one on the bonnet to be its twin.

For more dressy occasions there is a little pale blue velvet bonnet framed in a band of sable. In front two sable tails stand erect amid a delicate blue feathery aigrette. The muff is very small, made of sable and set in a full ruffle of pale blue velvet. It is lined with blue satin and suspended from blue ribbons studded with turquoise.

For everyday wear bonnets are quite out of date. Toques and round English turbans have come to take their place.

Other hats may possess more beauty, but for convenience and jaunty style nothing can equal the toque. Just now those to match the gown are in great demand.

An extremely stylish toque recently seen was made of heliotrope cloth embroidered in gilt threads. Around the edges of the toque, resting upon the hair, tiny clusters of long-stemmed violets were caught.

The imported French hats, which cost between twenty and thirty dollars, have scorned the ordinary cardboard bandbox. They are delivered in a bandbox of delicately tinted celluloid, with the bottom covered by tufted silk faintly perfumed.—N. Y. World.

Man Milliners.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that there are man milliners who hire out by the day or week as trimmers to New York modistes. It goes without saying that these trimmers are artists. Their greatest value lies in what they call original designing. The frames of shapes in stock are taken with whatever decorative material may be available and unique bonnets and hats are evolved which may serve as models or be used for special orders. The men trimmers command a salary of $50 a week or $10 a day of six hours. They are regularly employed by modistes who, in connection with dress and cloak-making do some millinery work, but the largest class of patronage comes from the millinery shops. The intruder is scorned by the women in the workroom, who not only make personal remarks, but deprecate everything he turns out.—N. Y. World.

Her Chief Pleasure Gone.

"Mrs. Guggins is feelin' mighty miserable."

"You don't say so! I thought she was lookin' in illegant health."

"Yes, that's jest it. She's feelin' so well that she can't think of nothin' ter take patent medicines for, an' she jes' sits an' reads the advertisements an' pines."—Washington Star.

A Moral Certainty.

Tom—Have you read "Two Men and a Girl?" What do you think of it?

Kitty—No; but I think the girl must have had a good time.—Puck.

AFTER A COMBINATION.

Plenty of Flies About But None on the Old Man.

His back was humped up, his knees badly sprung, and there was a squeak in his voice as he fondly smoothed down his long goatee and inquired:

"Stranger, could you tell that I'd jest paid fifty cents to hev these whiskers dyed. Just stand off and squint at 'em, an' gimme an honest answer."

"Yes, I could tell that they had been dyed," I replied.

"So could I, but that's all right. Got my ha'r dyed at the same time. How old would you take me to be?"

"Well," about fifty.

"That was my objeck—to deceive the public in gineral and the Widder Spicer in pertickler. I'm seventy-two years old."

"You have an object then?" I asked.

"I hev. I'm goin' to git married."

"No!"

"That is, if the widder fills the bill. I'm goin' down to Skinnersville to-day to see her. If she fills the bill, she's my jaybird to love and cherish; if she don't, she's somebody else's jaybird. What d'ye think of an old chap of seventy-two shin'in up to a widder of twenty-eight."

"Such matches generally bring trouble."

"Yes, I s'pose they do, and the old chaps are ginerally to blame fur it. I left all the children cryin' around, and the last thing my oldest gal said was that I'd be finanshully wrecked in three months. All of 'em figger that the widder is after my money and that she'll make the dollars fly like feathers."

"But you don't think so?"

"Not this evenin', stranger. When a widder picks this old mossback up fur a flat she's bound to git left. I had a farm, but I've put it outer my hands. I had a hired girl doin' the work, but I've let her go. I had three cows to milk, and I've bought two more."

"The widow will have plenty of work, eh?"

"More'n a hundred pounds of carpet rags waitin' to be sewed," whispered the old man as he drew down his eye. "Seven of us to cook, wash and mend fur. Cellar hain't bin whitewashed fur three years, and all the house has got to be cleaned. I've throwed the well pump away and gone back to a rope and bucket, and it's comin' on time to dry pumpkins, smoke meat and pick the geese."

"She won't have much of a honeymoon," I suggested.

"Bridle tower is goin' to be jest eight miles long!" he said, as he winked the other eye. "I've got it all planned and the cost is a dollar and a half. I've already bought her ten yards of caliker and a two dollar pair of shoes, and she can't hev no excuse to run to the store fur a year. The only money I shall hev about the house is this fifty-cent piece with a hole in it. Stranger, look me all over as I turn around."

"What's the idea?"

"To see if any flies hev lit on me while we've bin talkin'."

"No, I don't see any."

"I didn't much 'spect you would. Thar' wasn't any on me when I left home, though I'm 72 years old, and thar' won't be any on me when I stand before that widder and offer her my heart and hand. Think of them children a takin' on because that widder is goin' to wreck me inside of three months, and then think of the widder tryin' it on me! Say, stranger."

"Well?"

"Jest one word more. I've got seven hogs in the pen up home, and I'll bet the hull of 'em agin a dollar that instead of the widder wreckin' me I'll borrow her last shillin' to pay fur gettin' my ha'r and whiskers dyed up an' to fix the preacher who marries us. The children don't know me. I'm a-gettin' a wife, hired man, hired gal, sewin' woman an' a mother fur 'em all combined in one, and I don't actually believe the hull expense will amount to over three dollars. Thar' is moss in the woods around here, stranger, but none growin' on my spinal column. Thar' is flies a-flyin' about this depot, but you jest notice that none of 'em stop to light on the undersigned!"—Detroit Free Press.

How an Elephant Fights.

The elephant, although a very large animal, is not a good fighter. A lion can jump upon his back and tear off his big, loose hide in a way which will make the elephant roar with agony, and the tiger and the panther can do the same to him. Even the kangaroo, whose front legs are mere paws, has the advantage of the elephant, for it can jump underneath him and scratch vigorously with its two powerful hind legs, while its forepaws dig deeply into his sensitive trunk. So the elephant, in warfare, has to resort to strategy. One of his tricks is to stand very still, until the lion or the tiger, as the case may be, has jumped upon his back, and then, before there has been time to do much damage, Mr. Elephant lies down and rolls over, crushing his enemy. There is a pretty story told by an African explorer of how an elephant killed a whole family of lions by backing with them, one by one, into deep water, until they were so far in the stream that they could not swim to the shore. The elephant; who was a cunning fellow, would dip very low into the water and the lions would have to give up their grip upon his back. Elephants are very intelligent fellows, and good-hearted, too, if not provoked.—N. Y. Ledger.

Drawn With His Face.

A well-known caricaturist says that he frequently gets "face-tired." "As I draw," he explains, "unconsciously my face assumes the expression of the people I am trying to represent in a distorted way, and, as a result, at the end of a couple of hours I find myself compelled to rest, not my eyes nor my hands, but my face. I do this either by lying down or by going out on the street with the determination of spending my time in looking at things and not at people, for I find I study their faces at the expense of my own. I take a keen delight in my work, and that is the reason, I suppose, that I am so sympathetic with it."—N. Y. Tribune.

MARVELS OF SURGERY.

Baldness May Be Cured by Grafting—Birthmark Removed.

So life be left in our bodies, no matter if they be hacked or hewed or maimed or broken, the surgeon will set hopefully about the work of repair. The process of grafting animal tissue is now carried to such extent that the deficiency of one creature is made good by taking a piece or part of another. A disfiguring birthmark on the face of a child was recently nearly cut away, and a patch of skin taken from the arm of the mother was transplanted to cover the wound. A man so frightfully burned as to lose the greater part of his epidermis was successfully re-covered from frogskin. Oculists have taken cornea from the eyes of rabbits, cats or dogs, to replace and make good the vision of human beings.

That wonderful fiber, the nerve, has also yielded itself to the skillful touch of science. The nerves may be patched and pieced. The nerves of brutes have been successfully joined to the stumps of severed nerves of men. Baldness may be cured by grating. A New York physician has recently repaired ravages of this kind by taking grafts from the patient's own scalp, where time had spared his locks and afterward eking out the supply by portions taken from the head of another person, doubtless selecting hair of the proper color. These grafts were cut up by means of a punch, and included not only the thickness of skin but also subcutaneous tissues beneath which left them fully a quarter of an inch thick. Holes corresponding in size to those left after the removal of the grafts were, of course, made in the scalp for their reception. All the grafts united well, without suppuration or untoward results, and bore hair luxuriantly.

Even the bones, where they have been splintered by accident or destroyed by disease, may be replaced with better bones and become incorporated with the complete osseous structure. In the light of such surgical achievements the mysterious creation of woman in the garden of Eden loses a part of its incomprehensibility. The hurts and ailments of our poor humanity are helped and healed with a skill that approaches magic. As Prospero could see his goblins at work to grind the joints of his enemies with dry convulsion, and to shorten their sinews with aged cramps, so the good magicians of the scalpel can now undo the demoniac work of the goblins, who apparently have never left off grinding men's joints and shortening their sinews. In these days of wonderful scientific discovery the surgeon easily keeps step with advancing knowledge.—Waverly Magazine.

SUPERSTITIONS OF BARBERS.

Signs, Omens, and Tricks Which Bring Good or Bad Luck.

"I knew that would draw them in," said a barber the other day as customers entered his shop after a lull in business. "Don't you know what I mean? Why, when trade's dull just commence to hone your favorite razor and you'll see how it will bring customers in. It's a sure charm. Superstitious? Well, I should say so. It would be difficult to find a more superstitious lot than we colored barbers. Why, I know plenty of barbers who will not permit the hair cut from customers to be swept out before the day's work is done. They say it's sure bad luck. Now, you couldn't get me to shave a man on credit the first thing in the morning. I'd close up my shop first. I'd not give much for my day's business if I did not leave some money in the drawer over night. I never take out all the money. I always leaves a cent or two there for good luck. Here you, Jack, next time you want the cologne bottle don't step over my footstool or I'll have to go for you. Excuse me, customer, but it's most aggravating to have a fellow do something that might turn the whole run of business for the day.

"Yes, that is a good razor; but there is a good reason for it. It had more trouble with that piece of steel than any other I ever had; but following the old custom which has been of so much use to me, I waited till the day Cloonan was hanged, then I gave that razor a good honing, counting the times I passed it over the stone until I reached a certain number, which is my charm. That's why it's so good, and it will remain that way for months yet without being honed. A razor honed on the day a man is hanged always turns out excellently."

As the boy was brushing my coat I asked him: "Are you superstitious?" He looked blank, apparently not understanding the meaning of the word. "What makes you have bad luck in the shop?" I ventured further. "Bad management," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—The well-known fact that women live longer than men is illustrated as follows: The excess of females of all ages over males of all ages in England and Wales is only about 3½ per cent. (in round figures, 15,000,000 minus 50,000 to 14,000,000 plus 50,000). But when we begin to compare women over 60 with men over 60 the female majority becomes much greater, and when we once pass 85 the old men are nowhere. The female nonogenarians nearly double the male; there are 854 women over 95 to 354 men, and 104 gammers to 42 gaffers who own to a century.

—Tawdry came from St. Audrey. In old times there was an annual fair in several cities of Europe on St. Audrey's day. Incautious persons were frequently imposed on at these fairs by worthless tinsel jewelry, hence the saying, "Bought at Audreys," was equivalent to show without value.

—Texas is a big and still a roomy state. Of its nearly 250 counties 26 have less than 100 inhabitants, 87 others have less than 1,000, and only 31 have 10,000. The number having as few as 5,000 is large, and having as many as 20,000 is extremely small.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There are twenty-seven foreign-born members in the Fifty-third congress.

—Daughter—"Papa, don't you think I ought to have my voice cultivated?" Papa—"I think you ought to have something done to it."—Tit-Bits.

—Wiggs—"I haven't heard of Skulkley since he got mixed up in that forgery scrape." What is he doing now?" Waggs—"Time."—Buffalo Courier.

—College Youth (down to see the football games)—"Waitah! Bring me some calf's brains, will you?" Waiters (grumbling)—"The cannibal."—N. Y. World.

—She sang "Take Back the Heart That Thou Gavest" very sweetly and effectively, but he said he was a newspaper man and never took anything back.

—It isn't always sure that a young man is religious because he goes regularly to prayer meeting. It may be the girl who is the religious one.—Somerville Journal.

—Aunty—"Does this cake make you think of grandma?" Katie—"Mercy, no." Aunty—"Why not?" Katie—"She always gave me two pieces."—Inter Ocean.

—A Domestic Scare.—"Jarley got full the night his boy was born and I tell you he had a scare." "How?" "He thought it was twins when he went to kiss it good-night."

—Withington—"But why do you wish to make it so much grander than any of your previous receptions?" Mrs. Withington—"Heretofore I have invited only the people I liked."—Detroit Tribune.

—"What is your idea of a dude?" he asked of a bright Washington girl. "A dude," she answered, after reflection, "is a young man who isn't good for anything except to hang a chrysanthemum on."—Washington Star.

—Dialogue between friends at the theater during the representation of an opera by Wagner.—"You seem to be enjoying yourself." "I? Not at all." "Then what makes you applaud?" "It keeps me awake."—Courrier des Etats Unis.

—"Your hair isn't wet," said little Tommy to Mr. Flyer, who was calling. "No, of course not. What made you think my hair was wet?" he asked, very much surprised. "I heard pa tell ma that you couldn't keep your head above water."

—"Mamma, do all people who don't sin go to Heaven?" asked little Waldo Bunkerill. "Yes, Waldo." "South Boston people and all?" "Yes, my son." "Then, mother, I shall begin to-morrow and break all the Commandments."—Harper's Bazar.

—Guilty Freddie.—Tommy (in tears)—"Ma! Fred Tibbins busted my new hat!" Tommy's Mother—"The naughty boy! What made him do it? Did you do anything to him?" Tommy—"No'm; nothin'. I was just jabbin' my hat at his head fur fun an' he didn't dodge!"

—Clarabel—"You seem to be intensely interested in that book. I don't see how you can care to read such a long story anyway." Penelope (without looking up)—"Easily enough. You see it's from the French and broad as it is long."—Buffalo Courier.

—Inquiring Foreigner—"Who were those old men we just met in procession? They looked military, though they seemed a little too old to belong to the army." Citizen—"O, they were some of the Grand Army boys." I. F.—"And those young fellows who were howling in that peculiar manner?" Citizen—"They were some of our college men."—Indianapolis Journal.

SPECIMEN STONES.

Gems of the Utmost Perfection, Both Rare and Precious.

Before the existence of "specimen stones" becomes, through the drain of them to America, a thing of the past for us, it may be well to say a few words about things which very few people have ever seen, and henceforward have little chance of seeing. The word "specimen stone" explains that it is a gem of the utmost perfection, but few know how rare and precious it is and how little it differs to the eye of any but an expert from an ordinary example of this kind. Specimen stones are masculine luxuries. They are never set, because even the most delicate setting might hide defects which would make them comparatively valueless. The desire to possess them constitutes the last infirmity of noblemen, for not only are they the most concentrated form of property, but the appreciation of them is a most exclusive form of culture.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that there are probably not fifty persons in England who can tell a diamond worth a hundred pounds a carat from one worth five and twenty, and of these fifty not a dozen are jewelers. The trade in specimen stones is wholly in the hands of four or five great firms, and minor dealers, who have no custom for this class of gems, know almost as little about them as the laity. It takes years of practice, with such rarity of opportunity as the market affords, to train the eye to recognize exactly the orthodox color of a ruby, emerald or sapphire, and to distinguish a brilliant of the first water from an ordinary "fine stone" demands a delicacy of vision which most persons could never acquire.

Stones may be divided into four distinct classes. Poor stones, obviously bad in color and full of "clouds," "flaws" and "feathers," may be bought (one marvels who buys them) at comparatively exceedingly low prices. The value of two rubies of the same size for example, might be severally £1 and £1,000 per carat. Then come ordinary stones, stones which a lady may wear without discredit, their flaws and the poverty of their color not being such as to betray them in the wearing, except to a practiced eye. Of such stones consist 99 per cent. of those worn even by rich women. "Fine stones," being of thrice the value, are only to be seen on the persons of those who are fastidious as well as rich, for though a commonly good judge can detect the difference at once, there is too great a temptation with most women to put inconspicuous quantity before inconspicuous quality for the latter to prevail.—Pall Mall Budget.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In India, certain regiments with 5,510 men were placed under observation. They were divided into free drinkers, moderate drinkers and abstainers. It was found that the deaths of the former were 44 per 1,000, of the moderate drinkers 23 per 1,000, and of the abstainers only 11 per 1,000.

—The depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water has been recently determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 553 feet the darkness was to all intents and purposes the same as that on a clear but moonless night. Sensitized plates exposed at this depth for a considerable length of time gave no evidence of light action.—Scientific American.

—The New York clearing house loan certificates have all been canceled. The first issue of certificates was on June 17, when $2,550,000 were issued. A total of $41,490,000 were issued, but the maximum amount outstanding at any one time was $38,280,000. It is said that of the $55,320,000 of collateral deposited to secure the certificates issued this year not a single dollar, as far as is known, proved bad.

—Arkansas has 100,000 farms which produces 600,000 bales of cotton, 900,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 42,000,000 bushels of corn, and 2,000,000 bushels of wheat. From the Arkansas forests are cut over $20,000,000 of lumber every year.

—One art that seems to have vastly improved within the last twenty-five years is that of annealing glass. The lamp chimneys of to-day withstand sudden changes of temperature that would instantly have shivered those of three decades ago, and it seems now almost impossible to break one save by a blow.

—It appears from the official statistics of the production of gold in Russia in 1892 that the output of the mines has been greatly increased by the improvement of technical appliances. The production of the precious metal has reached a total of no less than 2,601 puds, as compared with 2,382 puds in 1891 and only 2,041 puds in 1885. Taking the value of the pud on the average at 14,104 roubles, there is thus a total of 36,670,000 roubles, or upward of $25,000,000.

—Florida and California fruit is competing successfully with Mediterranean products in European markets this year, and the shipments already are largely in excess of those of previous years. Successful experiments have also been made this year with shipments of California and Washington fruit to Japan and other countries of the Orient. From a twenty-acre prune ranch a Washington grower obtained this year forty tons of dried fruit, which he sold in Portland at $150 a ton.

—The movements of the herring have long been a sore puzzle to naturalists, and from the annual report of the fishery board for Scotland they seem to be a puzzle still. It was originally supposed that the herring was bred in Arctic seas and that, marshaled by a sort of king fish, dense shoals of them every season came south. It is known now that herring spawn off the English coasts, but all efforts toward getting at the truth about the migratory habits have been unsuccessful. All sorts of marking have been tried. Five hundred fish were captured and released after a piece of aluminum wire bearing a disc had been attached to their dorsal fin, but not one returned to tell its tale. They flit about the coasts in the most erratic manner. The one thing positive seems to be that they never go very far away or for very long. If one fishing town has an occasional lean year there is always an abundant harvest for many others.

TO HAVE PRETTY HANDS.

Simple Methods by Which They May be Kept Soft and White.

Any woman can have pretty hands who is willing to go to the least trouble with them. The hand is easily molded and can be shaped or whitened or the texture changed almost at the will of the owner. In the first place the hand has a rounded palm and five graceful fingers that are bound to be pretty, no matter how treated. The only things to be done are to make the flesh soft, the skin white and the nails an oval which shall be becoming to the style of the hand. These are the most difficult things to accomplish, unless one knows exactly how, and the easiest if the secret has been learned. But of ultimate success there need be no doubt. The best hand bleach is pure soap. Get enough to fill a teacup when shaved finely—castile is very good for this—and melt with a pint of water until it is a thin soft soap. Add a little cologne and set away to cool in a big jar. Now, when washing the hands, lather thickly with this soft soap and hold them in water which is only warm. Wash off the soap with hot water and after shaking the hands well dry them in a box of cracked oatmeal. Rub softly until thoroughly dry and then dust them lightly with a towel, and if in one week the hands are not beautifully white they may be given up as the only hands in the world that are wholly incorrigible.

Bony hands, even, can be improved. The skin of the hands is very susceptible to oils, and if mutton tallow, cream or a quantity of good almond oil is diligently rubbed in twice a day, for ten minutes at a time, in a month the hands will begin to be plump and pretty. Vaseline is not so good for this, as on some skins it is apt to produce a light though undesirable growth of hair. Lord Byron's old recipe for a pretty nail still holds good: "A rose leaf with a crescent in it." And as most rose leaves are oval let the nail be as much that shape as possible; and if you can shape it so, let it curve at the tip exactly as it does at the end where the "moon" lies. This will accomplish the oval. After a woman has made her hands soft and white and pretty she wants something else, and that something is the polish which still continues to be fashionable among society beauties, in spite of the verdict that the manicures are against it. It takes longer to manicure a polished nail than it does a dull one, but there is no doubt that it is more elegant thus.—Boston Post.